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Buildings completed or in course of erection on April 1, 1900.  
Business block, C. E. Montgomery, 11th and N. do do L. W. Billingsley, 11th near N. Restaurant (Odds) C. E. Montgomery, N near 11th.  
Residence, J. J. Imhoff, J and 12th.  
do J. D. Macfarland, Q and 14th.  
do John Zehring, 10 and 11th.  
do Albert Watkins, D bet 9th and 10th.  
do Wm M Leonard, E bet 9th and 10th.  
do E. R. Guthrie, 25th and N.  
do J. E. Reed, M. D. F bet 16th and 17th.  
do L. G. M. Baldwin, G bet 16th and 18th.  
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# THREE YARNS FOR A PRIZE.

Whoppers Told at Billiard Time in the Vicinity of Gotham.

A physician in Yonkers, who is also something of a politician, has a comfortable place at Fork river, Barnegat bay, which is open the year round to his friends for sport or recreation. The late blizzard caught some of them down there unprovided with means of indoor amusement. They were imprisoned nearly a week, during which time a small ale house was their only change from the solitude of the lodge. One day the crowd was yawning in the ale house. All things had become chestnuts.

"I can tell you a story about my dog that's new, anyhow," gasped Charles Parker.

"I can beat it for a prize," said Ebenezer De Witt.

"You fellows don't know how to lie," put in A. J. Prime. "It takes a lawyer. I seldom lie myself, but if there's a prize in it, go ahead."

"Well, this dog, gentlemen," began Parker, loftily, "beat any rabbit dog that ever lived. He was faster than the wind. Once, on a hot trail, he ran nose up against a scythe, which had been left blade upright in a field. He was going at a terrible pace, and I knew what would happen; so I stooped down by the scythe in preparation. Sure enough, the blade parted him down the middle, dividing even his tail in equal parts. As the two parts tumbled over I clapped them quickly together and bound them up in a hunting coat. He was going so fast that the blood hadn't had time to spill, and, of course, the halves grew together. But somehow one half had flopped over just before I joined them, and when Jack got well he had two legs on the ground and two sticking up in the air. He was a curious dog after that. When he barked half a bark would come from the part of the mouth that opened up, and the other half came from the part that opened down. This defect annoyed him, and he practiced to remedy it. He got so after a while that, after choo-chooing for a minute, like a locomotive getting under way, he could run his half barks together into a continuous note like a fog horn. I made money out of him by hiring him out mornings to a box factory for a steam whistle. The most curious thing, though, was to see him eat. I cut his food into tiny pieces. He would take one morsel with the half of his mouth that opened downward, and then turn a sort of handspring sideways to his other legs and eat another morsel with his other half mouth. When real hungry he turned so fast he looked like a 330 revolution fly wheel in motion. He never wagged his tail. The reason was that the muscular efforts at wagging, being equally balanced on each side, counteracted each other. He was a better rabbit dog than ever, for when he ran himself off one pair of legs, he'd simply turn a side-spring and go it on the other pair. You couldn't tire him out. It was a great blow to me when he died."

Mr. Parker stroked his chin contemplatively, and Ebenezer De Witt said slowly:

"Your dog was truly wonderful, but he can't compare with my rawhide traces. I bought them new in Jersey, and first used them to cart a load of wood up a half mile hill to my house. It was raining dinnally as I loaded the wood on the wagon, and the rawhide traces got thoroughly soaked. When all was ready I mounted one of the horses and drove to the house. When I got there I found that the wagon hadn't budged. The wet traces had stretched the whole half mile. Here was a bad fix, and as the sun came out just then, I set down to think about it. Then the sun got so hot I went indoors, leaving the horses standing.

"When I came out a minute later the horses were straining to keep from being pulled down the hill. Looking down, I saw my load of wood rumbling up the hill at a jolly rate. I was puzzled at first to understand what was pulling them, but soon saw that as the sun dried the traces they were contracting at the same rate they had stretched when wet, and as the horses held the ground at the top of the hill the wagon had to come up to the horses. I afterward formed a company for lifting safes to tenth story windows. Jay Gould put in the money and I put in the traces. We both got rich. The way I lost those traces was in trying to sound the bottomless spring in Pennsylvania. We tied a weight to one end and dropped it in the spring. As the weight sank into the depths those traces spun out till at last they became so fine a thread that a butterfly chancing to flit against one end, it snapped short off."

Everybody cried "Cheer up!" at the conclusion of this story. When the uproar subsided Al Prime began.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have had no thrilling experiences such as yours. But I tested some gunpowder once that proved rather remarkable. I am something of a sportsman, as you know, and fond of experimenting with new brands of powder. On this occasion I put in a fair charge of the powder and plenty of shot, and blazed away at a white target about 100 feet away. When the smoke cleared I didn't see a mark on the target. This seemed inconceivable, for I flatter myself that I can hit a three foot target. I walked over and looked at it. Not a scratch on it. I filled a pipe, lighted it, and thought about it. It wasn't possible I could have missed so completely. Just then there was a little humming in the air and a rattling on the target. I looked at it and found it covered all over with shot. This was strange. It puzzled me. But at last the truth broke upon me. I scratched my head and remarked to myself:

"Great Scott, but that's slow powder!"

The barkeeper gazed blankly at the crowd from a corner. The tavern cat meowed pitiously, and strove to squeeze out of a broken window into the cold, cold storm.

During last Tuesday's election at Yonkers Lawyer A. J. Prime wore at the polls a blue ribbon in his buttonhole. One end of it was hidden in his pocket. To a few intimate friends Lawyer Prime showed the hidden end of the ribbon. On it hung a brown leather medal with a scarlet center; in letters of gold was engraved on it the motto:

BOSS LIAR.

He had won the prize.—New York Sun.

TRA-la-la Loo.

"I cannot sing the old songs," — — — — —

Though well I know the tune, — — — — —

And I can carol like the bird, — — — — —

That sings in leafy June, — — — — —

Yet though I'm full of music, — — — — —

As choirs of singing birds, — — — — —

"I cannot sing the old songs," — — — — —

I do not know the words. — — — — —

I start on "Hail Columbia" — — — — —

And get to "heaven born band," — — — — —

And there I strike an up grade — — — — —

With neither dawn nor sand, — — — — —

"Star Spangled Banner" throws me — — — — —

Right in my wildest screaming, — — — — —

I start all right, but dumbly come — — — — —

To voiceless wreck at "streaming," — — — — —

So when I sing the old songs, — — — — —

Don't murmur or complain, — — — — —

If "Ti, de ah da, tum de dum" — — — — —

Should fill the sweetest strain, — — — — —

I love tidily um dum di do, — — — — —

And the trillala oop da birds, — — — — —

But "I cannot sing the old songs," — — — — —

I do not know the words. — — — — —

—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

# PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.

About Babies—Remedies for Several Everyday Ailments.

Not unfrequently mothers complain that their children are naturally peevish and troublesome, "always fretty," as many say, sleeping but little and crying much. They assume that the irritable quality is inborn and an essential part of the baby's composition, and more often do they fail to recognize it as an evidence of disease. The Journal of Health calls attention to this, and adds, along with various helpful suggestions to mothers, the following:

A troublesome, crying child cannot be healthy, and mothers should be assured of this fact and endeavor to determine the cause; if they fail to discover and remove it, then it is clearly their duty to seek the advice of a physician.

If a woman is naturally fretful and irritable, and possesses an uncontrollable temper, the artificial means of feeding is the best for her child. The same may be said if these faults do not exist, but her home's surroundings are unhappy, and she is likely to suffer from grief and despondency, has a drunken husband, or some other like misfortune weighing upon her. If the baby is poor in health, both herself and her child will suffer if she attempts to nurse it. The question of inheritance must be considered. Any disease like consumption, scrofula, etc., existing in her family, and to which she shows a tendency, should debar her from nourishing her offspring.

An absurd habit, by no means uncommon among mothers, is the so-called "trotting on the knee." This abominable "churning process" is unfortunately an inheritance transmitted with many other antiquated customs, and is a potent cause of indigestion and kindred ailments. When the baby must be held to quiet it, if you hold it in one position and keep quiet yourself, it will be more quickly pacified.

Rare roast beef, steak and other kinds of meat are often given children by their mothers early in the second year, a common custom being to cut the same into long narrow pieces, from which they are allowed to suck the juices. There is nothing particularly objectionable to this; still, it ought not to be indulged in too early. As a rule, after a child is 18 months old will be time enough to give it meat in this form.

Sick Headache.

The headache of indigestion accompanied by scientific notions and dazlings of light before the eyes is always due, according to Dr. S. F. Landrey, to acidity and evolution of gases in the stomach. Dr. Landrey states that it is easily cured, when not complicated by other conditions, by common saleratus or supercarbonate of soda. Let the patient take one-fourth of a teaspoonful in much water—say four to six teaspoonfuls or more—wait a few minutes, and if not relieved repeat the dose. The glimmering soon ceases, and the pain forgets to follow. Hot water can be used if the stomach is very weak, and pepsi will sometimes relieve it without the soda.

To Cure a Felon.

Dr. John T. Metcalf says in Boston Medical and Surgical Journal: In 1839 I learned that a felon could, if seen early enough, be made to abort by wrapping the finger end with narrow strips of adhesive plaster. When pus has formed, I learned twenty years ago, from a country doctor, that immediate relief, and speedy cure would follow the gentle, slow separation of the nail from its envelope by means of a penknife blade, not too sharp, at the point nearest the seat of greatest pain. Very soon a drop of pus shows itself, and relief comes. I am aware that the plan described is known to many medical men.

Simple Remedy for Tonsillitis.

The successful use of bicarbonate of soda in a large number of cases of tonsillitis, is reported by Dr. W. J. Baker. Many patients who were unable to swallow even liquids without acute suffering, were in the course of four or five days cured. The patient, after having moistened the tip of the index finger, dips it into the powder, and then rubs it gently all over the tonsil. This should be repeated every five minutes for half an hour, then once every hour for the rest of the day.

Cold Water for Lightning Stroke.

Dr. Hidalgo, of Mexico, recently told at a meeting of physicians of the case of a man who had been struck by lightning and was at first thought to be dead, but who, after having had cold water thrown over him at the suggestion of a passer by, recovered consciousness. The patient was treated with sedatives and some clisters, and in sixteen days was perfectly well. His recovery Dr. Hidalgo attributed to the cold affusion, which, fortunately, was administered quickly, before the paralysis of the heart had become absolute.

A Cannon Ball Cure.

Something new in the treatment of chronic constipation is the use of cannon balls. Dr. Sahli is reported as recommending that in that affection the ball be rolled about over the abdomen every day for five or ten minutes at a time. The ball should weigh from four to five pounds.

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE.

A Few Minor Points Well Worth Remembering.

Mrs. John Sherwood, a recognized authority on the etiquette of society, advises a young man never to let his calls be too long. One hour was all that Mme. Recamier granted to the most agreeable of men for an evening visit. The rule is a good one. It is much better to go away leaving your friends wishing you had stayed longer than to stay so long that one hostess wonders if Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' suggestion of a ship which could not be launched had ever occurred to her guest.

The same authority reminds young men who are fond of horse back riding, that they should not offend by carrying into the presence of ladies the order of the stable, a by no means unfrequent occurrence.

A Small Item of Courtesy.

It is one of the minor things of life, in one sense, to write to your hostess or some member of a family where you have been visiting immediately after going home. But as a point of courtesy and propriety it is your duty to do it. Always write, and write soon; without fail express your appreciation of their hospitality; allude to the pleasure the visit gave you. Not to do so is almost unpardonable rudeness and is ungrateful. And, on the other hand, when a guest of your own has thus written you should soon answer her, lest she be left to some misgiving that she has in some way disappointed you.

Hostess and Guests.

If your guests are intimate friends, do not feel it necessary to banish them to the parlor or sitting room while you are engaged about your household duties. They would undoubtedly prefer to assist you, so that you could the sooner be free to sit down quietly with them for a chat or quiet visit. Consult the wishes of your guests before making definite plans for their entertainment.

# FIVE CENT HUMAN NATURE.

A Street Car Story from the City of Detroit.

You can cram a good deal of human nature into a street car about 6 o'clock in the evening. There was a heap of it in a Grand River avenue car an evening or two since, when half a dozen people saw a man take a \$20 gold piece from his vest pocket, fondle it for a moment and then drop it into his left hand pants pocket. In about three minutes he felt in his vest pocket for that money, and it was gone. Then he felt in the other pocket and suddenly rose up.

"Lost anything?" queried a passenger. "I don't know—let's see—yes, I have!" He felt in several other pockets, drew forth a bunch of keys, a lump of rosin, a pocket knife, some troches and a half dollar and then exclaimed:

"I've had my pocket picked of \$20!" Five passengers betrayed excitement. Six others were only casually interested. Four were skeptical, and seven winked at each other and whispered that it was a dead fake.

"Lose it in the car?" asked a second passenger.

"Of course I did! I had it less'n five minutes ago!"

"And your pocket has been picked?"

"Sure enough! Is there an officer on this car?"

"Do you mean to say you suspect me?" demanded the man on the right.

"Or me?" demanded the one on the left.

"But it's gone!" shouted the loser. "Some one has certainly robbed me."

Five passengers whispered "Rats!" softly to themselves, and four others gazed serenely at the ceiling.

"Conductor, stop the car!" shouted the loser, as he seized the cord and rang up five fares on the register.

"What is it?" demanded the conductor as he came in.

"Feel in your left hand pants pocket, you numb skull!" shouted an old man on the opposite seat.

His advice was complied with, and lo! the lost was found.

"Twenty-five cents, sir!" said the conductor.

"What for?"

"Those five fares!"

It was paid, and the victim offered to lick anybody in the car before he got off. Then he got off, shook his fist at the conductor, and darkness settled down upon the city and sent the sparrows to their nests under the eaves.—Detroit Free Press.

Two of Many.

Malcontent—Ah, this is a hard, cruel world. I suppose I would have starved to death right in my early home if I hadn't got away, but I'm little better off yet.

Old Friend—I remember you got disgusted with everybody and everything because others were more prosperous than yourself, and you sold the pair of imported dogs your uncle left you for money enough to go off among strangers.

"Yes, that fool of a Blinks bought 'em. Blinks never had sense enough to come in when it rained; he could hardly feed himself, and yet he bought them big dogs of me. What became of Blinks?"

"He owns the finest dog kennel in the country and is rich."—Omaha World.

Utilizing Ginger Jars.

There are a number of ways in which empty ginger jars can be utilized. One is as the bowl to a lamp. These also make excellent receptacles for flowers. Ladies who are artistically inclined can cover them with enamel paint, and then, when this foundation coat is dry, any design can be painted on them in oil paints. Detached sprays of flowers look well, such as jonquils, or they can be roughly painted in some of the conventional and geometric patterns found on eastern pottery. A drawing or an original plot should be copied, a coat of copal varnish at the last makes it complete.

Split Pea Soup.

Soak in warm water over night one quart of split peas. Put the soaked peas, with half a pound of salt pork cut in thin slices and a cracked beef bone or two, into four quarts of cold water; add a chopped onion, salt and pepper to taste. Strain through a colander, rubbing the peas to a tolerably thick purée; simmer ten minutes and pour into the tureen, in which has been placed a peeled and sliced onion.

Hollandaise Sauce for Fish, Etc.

The true hollandaise sauce is simply butter plainly melted in a saucepan, flavored with a little pepper and salt and a little lemon juice. This is allowed to settle over the fire, and is then poured, free from the sediment at the bottom of the pan, into a very hot sauce boat. This sauce is a very valuable addition to fish, asparagus and all green vegetables.

A Substantial Dish Without Meat.

A substantial dish without meat is the following: Wash and peel two quarts of potatoes, peel and slice six ounces of onions, skin and bone two large herrings, season with salt and pepper, pour enough water on to cook, bake an hour and a half and serve hot. Any cold gravy, stock or dripping on hand will be better than the water.

Frosting Glass.

Frosting glass is easily done by washing the window over with a strong decoction of Epsom salts. Let it dry, and repeat the process at least three times, when it will have the effect of hoar frost or fine moss.

Bracket for Towels.

The bracket illustrated in the cut is made of wood with a recess on which can be placed powder boxes, tumblers and the like.



A TOWEL BRACKET.

The towels in use are hung up on nails at the back of the bracket, while an embroidered towel is suspended in front from a rail for decoration. The embroidery is carried out with red and blue cotton on Russian linen, in satin stitch. The knotted fringe is formed of red and blue cotton threads.

# CALIFORNIA'S Finest: Production.

Drink Jarvis' California Pear Cider

A NUTRITIOUS SUMMER BEVERAGE, AND FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES.

Read the following Testimonial and Analysis.

Jarvis Wines and Brandies for Sale by all Druggists and Leading Wine Merchants

Jarvis' California Pear Cider.

This delicious summer beverage is made in California, from very ripe mellow Bartlett Pears. In the height of the ripening season many tons of pears become too ripe for shipping or canning purposes, they can then be utilized by pressing them into cider. The fresh juice is boiled down two gallons into one, and is then strained through pulverized charcoal. This heating, condensing and straining completely destroys fermentation, and the cider ever afterwards remains sweet and good and is a most healthy and nutritious article for family use.

Knowing there are many spurious ciders sold in this market we offer the above explanation with the eminent testimonial of Prof. J. H. Long. Very Respectfully,

THE G. M. JARVIS CO., Sole Proprietors, 39 N. State Street, Chicago.

San Jose, California. Chicago, July 7th, 1887.

THE G. M. JARVIS CO., Gentlemen:

I have made a chemical examination of the sample of Jarvis' Pear Cider submitted to me a few days ago, and would report these points among others noted.

The liquid is non-alcoholic and has a specific gravity of 1.065. The total extractive matter amounts to 10.25 per cent., containing only .025 per cent of free acid. The tests show this acid to be malic acid as usually found in fruit juices. I find no other acid or foreign substance added for color or flavor.

I believe it, therefore, to consist simply of the juice of the Pear as represented.

Yours truly,

J. H. LONG, Analytical Chemist, Chicago Medical College.

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